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Title: The Vampire Chronicles

Author:  
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Chapter 2:

\*The next page in the  
old tome slowly turns  
revealing the next chapter  
in the Saga\*

It was a dark day for  
the light indeed when  
Lord Azreal turned the  
Duchess Molly, the armies  
of light defeated and  
retreating to reform and  
tend to the many  
wounded that now laid  
upon the icy lands of the  
damned. Ah, Twas a  
glorious day indeed my  
child but, as always,  
Sosaria has a way of  
changing the tides quite  
quickly upon its masses.  
After tending to the  
latest of his conquests  
Lord Azreal set out on a  
journey to see to his  
brothers treasons, the  
betrayal of Lord Shagrath  
Azreal had not foreseen  
which would now hinder  
his plans for the duchess.  
Suspensions began to point  
towards a shadow in the  
distance pouring its  
poisons into Shagraths  
ear, if possible Azreal  
would try and redeem his  
brother but if it twas to  
be futile... his brothers  
black heart he would  
have. It was not long  
before the prodigy of  
Lord Shagrath took arms  
against Azreals brood  
thus creating a great  
conflict within their  
house. Azreal in response  
had taken those loyal and

established his 'Black  
Hand' within the house to  
see to the human  
incursions.. and kindred  
alike.

While combating his  
brothers' brood and  
seeking out the shadow,  
the lightbringers had  
already begun their plans  
to cleanse the now  
damned duchess. Knowing  
Azreal was more than  
occupied with the affairs  
of his clan it was their  
only chance and they  
knew it quickly seizing it  
in hopes of saving Molly.

Skippy El Fin of the  
Regent Army had slipped  
the Duchess a strange  
potion, temporarily  
weakening the link  
between the master and  
his childe. Azreal could  
feel her beginning to slip  
from his influence, thus  
he began the long march  
back to his dark bride to  
rescue her from the  
filthy hands of the kine.

While on march one of  
Azreal's ghouls had taken  
several of these potions  
from the ladies house and  
brought them to his  
master, hoping he would  
reward his service with  
an embrace.

Azreal eyed the small  
vial, swirling its contents  
as he examined the  
curious mixture. He had  
recalled of a time when  
Skippy had been inflicted..  
the duchess Molly giving  
unto her vials of a  
potion to cleanse her.  
Though the bond would  
not be so easily broken  
he could not afford time  
to the light to find a  
cure.

A low growl escaped  
Azreal's lips as he  
smashed the vials upon  
the ground.. This would  
not be allowed to come  
to pass.. The light would  
not succeed.. Azreal will  
win.. He would  
not be beaten by the  
kine..